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R. H. BROWNE & H. S. TAYLOR, PUBLISHERS. "THE RIGHTS OF THE STATES, AND THE UNION OF THE STATES." RICHARD HENRY BROWNE EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

SIR WM. STEWART'S EXPEDITION TO THE FAR WEST.

St. Louis, April 27, 1843.

The route now planned out by Sir William Stewart for his mountain excursion may be easily traced at a glance at the elongated map to be found in the first volume of Lewis and Clark's, Travels, (Harper's Family Library edition.) From this city we shall start for Independence, on or about Tuesday, the 2d of May. According to present calculation, the party will number fifty men, all thoroughly armed and equipped. Those rascally and treacherous Sioux, will look at us with a considerable deal of very nice consideration, their policy being to kill, not fight; and they are remarkably deliberate when any thing like a fair exchange of such favors seems apparent. I trust to return without contracting so near an acquaintance as to leave with any one of the red fraternity a *lock of my hair*, however affectionately I may be solicited for such a memento of my regard.

From the city we proceed by steamboat to Independence, where all members of the party who have not yet joined us will collect together, and thence the whole body will move about the middle of May. Upon starting I shall resume acquaintance for a short distance with the old Santa Fe trail, which however, we soon leave and press onward to the famous Platte, a river of which I have heard and read much but have never yet seen. Our plan of travel is to reach the very uppermost waters of this stream, cross the mountains from whose rocky sides the limpid fluid trickles down, and explore the lakes of that region. Some of these lakes and mountains Sir William has seen before, and from his description my own first anticipations are confirmed in regard to the beauty, grandeur and sublimity of the scenery. We shall pass over land and water yet unspoken of, if even visited by white men, and in solitudes where only the howling of hungry animals or the Indian's scream was ever heard before.

Should time and a fair advantage of season favor the expedition; we shall make also for the Yellowstone, and take a range among the more Northern mountains, of which perhaps, much further may be said upon our reaching Independence. The works of all our writers who have visited these wild sections have been more or less statistical and, consequently, dry to a large mass of readers. A vived observer, with only a little grapic force of expression, will often enchain quicker than one devoted to the rules and intricacies of science. Impulsive people are always most lively upon "first impressions," and the writer of the remark must consent to make one in the classification. What matter may hereafter follow this correspondence, will, therefore, partake of such a character.

An old citizen of this place, and a veteran mountain traveller, Col. William L. Sublett accompanies the expedition, as a prominent director, and a finer fellow or one more competent for the small matters of hunting, fighting, fishing or trading, never carried a rifle between the mouth of the Missouri and the mouth of the Columbia.

News is received here from Santa Fe this morning that has occasioned much uneasiness among the traders and mountain fur dealers. Every confirmation is given to the rumor that a large party of people calling themselves free hunters," are infesting the route, and nobody is confident who will be safe against their designs. Further particulars if you desire them you will obtain from the St. Louis papers of to-morrow. There has been also alarming trouble at Fort George, far up the Missouri, and one respectable young man has just reached home here alone, with his feet terribly frost bitten. M. C. F.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

COMMERCIAL TREATIES.

Some of the newspapers are indulging in speculations about a commercial treaty between our Government and those of Europe, and especially that of England, which shall "forever settle the vexed question of the tariff."

We are told that informal communications upon this subject have already passed between Mr. Webster and the British minister here or Lord Ashburton, or Sir Robert Peel; that if Mr. Webster leaves the cabinet, his principal object will be a mission to England for the purpose of concluding this treaty; or that as Mr. Webster will soon leave the cabinet, the conclusion of such treaty *must* be his object. The newspapers that tell us these fine stories speak with the utmost confidence in tones implying that they fully anticipate to all the secrets of our own and all foreign Government. Almost every partisan newspaper (especially those called the "Whig" papers of New York, and some that confess to speak, for no party in general but for each in particular) gives us some cabinet secret, some dish of diplomatic doings obtained through first-rate sources --from sources to be relied on --from one who knows.

A commercial treaty to settle the tariff! Let us examine this. According to the political theory for which the *people* of England *rebelled* against Charles I, and the *Old Thirteen Colonies rebelled* against George III, the taxing power belongs to the people, through their representatives. This theory is duly set forth in the Bill of Rights in Britain, and the declaration of Independence in the United States. According to the Federal Constitution, *Congress* has the *sole* power to lay and collect, taxes; and all "revenue bills," or bills for taxation must originate in the House of Representatives. According to the same Constitution Congress has the sole power of laying and collecting duties, imposts, and excising, and of regulating commerce with foreign nations; among the States, and with the Indian tribes. The Declarations of Independence and the Constitution have some authority—the one for a fundamental principle, and the other for specific and clearly defined details. If then we understand a commercial treaty to settle the tariff and regulate duties, it is a tax bill, a revenue bill, a bill to impose and collect duties and imposts and a bill to regulate commerce with foreign nations, originating with, and passed by, the Executive!

Truly this is a very compendious method of amending the Federal Constitution, by transferring to the Executive powers exclusively vested in the Legislature generally, and subject, in one very important point, to the control of one of its branches especially. Any regulations of duties and imposts is an exercise of the taxing power, and is so more especially, when imposts and duties are our principal, and with the single exception of the public lands, our only source of revenue. A duty upon any article of consumption is a tax to the consumer; imposed upon foreign merchandise it is a regulation of commerce with foreign nations; and collected and paid into the treasury, this tax is a revenue. If the President can manage all this the Legislature can be abolished; for one principal object of separating legislative and executive power—the protection of property against arbitrary power—is defeated. But if the Executive have this taxing power at all, he has it to any extent; and therefore he can either abolish all duties, or render them prohibitory. Let us suppose treaties with all nations upon the principle of unlimited free trade, or in other words treaties admitting their merchandise without any duties. What becomes of our revenue? It is gone, and we must resort to direct taxation. Gone how? Abolished by the President, through commercial treaties! Let us suppose treaties imposing duties at fifty or one hundred per centum, giving sixty million of revenue, when thirty millions will defray all reasonable expenses of the Government. Why this enormous taxation, and the consequent extravagant expenditures. Such is the will of the President, signified through commercial treaties! Rather ample powers are these for the Executive of a republic!

But the Executive is authorized, by the Federal Constitution to conclude treaties, two-thirds of the Senate consenting; and therefore this power to tax, and regulate commerce, does not belong to the President alone. We admit this. But as the Constitution, in the first article, has vested in Congress, which is both the House and the Senate, the sole power of laying and collecting taxes and duties, and regulating commerce, and has vested in the House alone the power of originating tax bills, we know not how either of these powers can be exercised by the President and Senate, under the *second* article of that instrument. Yet such is the fact, if these *authentic* stories of Cabinet movements be true.

Tea—About the year 1659, the East India Company received from Bantain two canisters containing 143 pounds of tea, and this is beleived to have been the first importation of this article. The gradual as appears by the following curious memorandum in the Diary of Mr. Popys, Secretary of the Admirality; "Sept. 25; 1661, I sent for a case of tea, a Chinese drink of which I never drink."

In Great Britain, the duties on tea, and their importation of it, were inconsidable till 1690, by which time the East India Company first thought the article worth their attention as a branch of trade. In a few years the average importation amounted to 60,000 pounds per annum, the average price being 16s. In 1721, the quantity of tea imported exceeded a million of pounds; and from that period the importation and consumption of tea in that country rapidly increased.

But few persons are probably aware of the immense amount of money now paid every year to the Chinese for tea. The quantity of this leaf consumed in Great Britain is truly enormous; and although it is freely used by all classes, it cannot be classed among the necessaries of life; it contains little or no nutriment, and is undoubtedly injurious to some constitutions. We are told by the "Fanqui in China," that the number of shopkeepers who in 1832 took out licenses to sell this article by retail in the United Kingdom, was one hundred and one thousand six hundred and eighty-seven, and we may suppose that the amount has rather increased than diminished since that period. To supply them the East India Company, during the last three or four years before the expiration of their charter, imported no less than thirty-one million five hundred thousand pounds of it annually, in which the proportion of green to black was about three and a half to five. Since the opening of the free trade, a still greater quantity has been brought over; so that in 1824; no fewer than one hundred and fifty British vessels, of eighty-two thousand four hundred and seventy tons register, resorted to Whampoa, and took away with them the enormous quantity of forty-three million six hundred and forty-one thousand two hundred pounds of tea. Since this period the amount has rather diminished, the losses sustained somewhat cooled the ardor of the speculators; but still it has exceeded the average quantity imported by the East India Company; the exports from Canton from 1st October, 1836, to 10th of April, 1837, being thirty three million two hundred and eleven thousand three hundred and thirty-two pounds, of which the green bore the proportion of one to about three and a half of the black kinds.

Boston Journal.

HIGHLY INTERESTING FROM YUCATAN.

THE TEXIAN SQUADRON AT CAMPEACHY.

By the arrival last evening of the schooner Sarah and Jane, Capt. Coffin, 4 days from Sisal (Yucatan,) we are placed in possession of very late and interesting intelligence from that quarter.

Commodore Moore, with the Texian Squadron, entered the port of Campeachy on the 24th ult., and was received with every demonstration of joy and satisfaction.

The day previous to his entering Campeachy, while in sight of that port, he was becalmed and the Mexican Steamers, Montezuma and Guadaloupe, then at Lerma, ventured to make an attack upon him. Even with all the advantages of circumstances they can ever expect to have, their attack was a most miserable exhibition of pusillanimity. A few shots from the Texian vessels sufficed to frighten them and they speedily took shelter at Lerma, while the Austin and Wharton went into Campeachy uninjured. By the very next arrival from that region, we may expect to be informed of interesting naval operations.—With the co-operation of the Yucatan naval force we confidently expect that Commodore Moore will speedily annihilate the Mexican marine. We shall have letters giving full and accurate intelligence, by the first arrival from the vicinity of Campeachy.

Not the least interesting portion of the information brought by Captain Coffin last night, is that contained in full files of Merida papers of the capitulation of the remains of the Mexican army intended for the subjugation of Yucatan interior. Particulars of the precarious situation of the Mexican forces, on the road from Telchac to Merida were published several days since. The papers received last night give full details of the fate of that army.

The force under the command of Don Matias de la Penary Barragan, occupying the town of Tixpeual has been compelled by the distress which it had suffered for some time previous, to capitulate to Gen. Llergo, the Yucateco Commandant at Merida. Favorable terms have been granted to the Mexicans, with the understanding that this event was considered as a preliminary step to the entire evacuation of the Yucatan teritory.

Articles were signed on the 2d ult. by which the Mexicans were to lay down their arms, give up their artillery and be conducted to Telchac, whence they were to embark within eight days peremtorily for Tampico. The arms, munitions of war, &c., were to be taken to Merida, and deposited in the Arsenal there to be rendered up to the Mexican Government at the close of the present contest. We regard this signal success of the Yucatecos as fatal to all hopes of the Mexican government to re-establish its authority over that people, and Gen. Ampudia, the Commander in-Chief at Campeachy, will no doubt soon follow the example of his subordinate, in quickly retreating from the scene of his successive defeats. The independence of Yucatan is now beyond all question.—*Tropic of the 11th.*

THE BATTLE.

From the German of Schiller.

Heavy and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Thro' the green plain they marching came!
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game,
The looks are bent on the shaking ground,
And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the Major along the front—
"Halt!"
And fetter'd they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt!

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the Foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the Foeman's banners waving!"
Now, God be with you, woman and child,
Lastly hark to the music wild—
The mighty trump and the mellow fife,
Nerving the limbs to a stouter life;
Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,
Thrilling they go, through the marrow and bone,
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shouting signal circles round,
Fever already brathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging.
And heavy through the rocking pall,
The iron Death-dice fall!
Nearer they close—foes upon foes
"Ready!" from square to square it goes,
Down on the knee they sank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank,
Many a man to the earth is sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent—
O'er the corpse before springs the hinder man,
That the line may not fall to the fearless van—
To the right, to the left, and around and round,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.
The sun goes down on the burning fight,
And over the host falls the brooding Night.
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
"What, Francis!" "Give Charlotte my last farewell."
Wilder the slaughter roars, fierce and fell.
"I'll give——Look, comrades, beware—beware
How the bullets behind us are whirring there—
I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell,
Sleep soft! where death's seeds are thickest sown,
Goes the heart which thy silent heart leaves alone."
Hitherward—hitherward reels the fight,
Darker and darker comes down the night—
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The Adjotants flying—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe.
Their thunder booms in dying—
Victory!
The terror has seized on the Castaffs all,
And their colors fall.
Victory!
Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight.
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.
Trumpet and fifes swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song
Live!—brothers—live! and when this life is o'er,
In the life to come may we meet once more!

A year ago, the editor of the Sentinel, although an advocate for the repudiation of the Union Bank bonds, pretended to be ready to go all lengths in favor of the prompt payment of all the rest of the State debt. Now, he not only goes for the repudiation of the whole State debt, but says that he trusts in God to see the day when every public debt on the face of the earth will be repudiated. He insists that there can be no such thing in law or in morals as an obligation to pay a public debt, no matter how it may have been contracted.

Such is the progress of villainy. It generally commences with timid, halfway measures, but soon ends in the most thorough and audacious atrocity.

Louisville Journal.

LORD BROUGHAM ON AMERICA.

In the debate which arose in the British Parliament in relation to the late treaty with this Government, Lord Brougham took the occasion to pay the following high compliments to the American people. Lord Brougham is decidedly one of the brightest stars of the present age, and to receive from him such encomiums on our institutions and wishes so warm for their permanency and success is a distinction so honorable to our country, that he must be insensible to the stirring feelings of patriotism, who can read these sentiments without emotion!—Ed. Dem. Whig.

It was said, (said Lord Brougham) that Lord Ashburton had at a public meeting talked of Boston as the cradle of liberty, and this was said to be a compromising act. But this was after the negociations were over—this was "the song of triumph," to use an expression of his noble friend opposite on a former evening—(a laugh.) At this public meeting at Boston there was no business to be transacted, but it was held for the purpose of celebrating the alliance re-made and the reconcilement re-effected between these two great kindred nations. He marvelled to hear the whigs object to any such proceedings at a public meeting, but above all to hear whigs, or a sort of whigs at least—(a laugh,) object to anything that was said in favor of the cradle of liberty. He should have thought the very language was so sweet and dear to every friend of liberty that it might reconcile them to what might otherwise have appeared a breach of dignity and decorum. Now there was one other authority, and it was the last to which he wished to refer—that of our revered monarch George III. He did not consider that he stooped from his high degree, or that he adopted a truckling and unbecoming tone when in his reception of the first American minister who represented his revolted subjects, and had therefore a most difficult task to perform—who first represented those revolted subjects at the court of their sovereign, whose allegiance they had shaken off, and whose sovereign was known to have kept fast hold of his American sovereignty until it was wrested from his royal grasp. He took the opportunity of giving a most courteous reception, and of saying—which was unnecessary, but needless though it was, he thought fit to say—that although he was not king in his dominions that wished better to that independence, and felt more anxious for the prosperity of the new world.—this was after the whole of the military proceedings had closed, as the speech of Lord Ashburton had been made after the negociations had closed—(hear, hear.) My lords (said the noble and learned lord,) I breathe the same prayer which my late Sovereign expressed upon that memorable occasion. I hope and trust, for the sake of America first; for the sake of England next—for the sake of humanity, of mankind at large—that the prosperity and happiness of that great people will be perpetuated for ever. My lords, I cannot view with indifference the magnificent empire which Englishmen have erected in that land; and my heart glows when I reflect that to England is owing that which America never scruples to confess she owes to England—those laws, those institutions—above all that spirit of liberty, of religious, as well as of civil liberty, which has made the American republic the greatest democratic nation that ever held existence upon the face of this earth. Contemplated in itself, there is enough to fill one with admiration, with hope, with exultation; but, in order to appreciate its merits, and to carry those feelings to their utterment, it is necessary that we compare and contrast it with what has happened elsewhere, in other parts of the new world, where all the gifts of nature were not attended with the blessings of social existence. Look at South America, look at the events which have separated the Spanish colonies from the parent state; contemplate, for a moment, the rich abundance of natural blessings, of physical resources, of animal power, of all that can make a people great, and prosperous, and powerful—above all, the gifts which ought to make them thankful to heaven—peaceful and contented with one another; their boundless expanse of space, diversified with every species of soil which can pour into their lap the produce of industry, or scent the air with perfumes, or enrich man by the wealth, the proverbial and unsurpassed wealth of the minerals—every diversity of the most delicious climates, varying from the temperate to the torrid; everything in absolute perfection, in abundance; these, a people of boundless capacity, numerous, various in their race, from the industry of the negro to the swiftness of the Indian, and the ability, the practised ability, of the European and her descendants; all these rich treasures which Providence showered on them in such unmeasured abundance, had none of them sufficed to prevent anarchy from being enthroned there, had totally failed to secure the establishment of even the semblance of a steady, fixed, regular republic. But then turn your eye to the contrast, and compare them with North America, where you see men who—struggling with a hard climate, with, in many places, an ungrateful soil, their numbers small at first, increasing rapidly, becoming countless and spreading over a vast extent of land, had erected a system which was tried in every political storm, and struggled with success out of it, and above all came triumphant over the greatest tempest—that of the European revolution—which had ever laid waste human society. To what was the contrast owing? It was because the Spaniards did not carry out with them the blessings of a free constitution, or the practices or principles of civil or religious liberty, and because North America was crowned with all these political blessings. And if a passing cloud has come over them for a moment,—and if there should seem to be, and I believe it is only this semblance of any departure on their conduct from those kind feelings and strict principles of religion and commercial honor and perfect national good faith which had always distinguished them, I have no more doubt than that I now stand here addressing your lordships, that that cloud will pass away, and that the Americans will once more, and in no long space of time, feel proud and feel glorious in once more resuming their station—a station worthy of their British kindred—by feeling and acting as they have felt, that no stain should be suffered to rest on any part of their national honor. (Cheers.)

BRITISH STATESMEN OF THE LAST CENTURY.

"There and then groups were to be met with in all directions composed of the most celebrated men of the day—when England possessed celebrated men—busily conversing on the proceedings of Parliament the night before another night had passed away. From the close of the American war, these groups were chiefly composed of the opposition; for the unrivalled ascendency of the greatest minister that England had ever seen, gave the Whigs the leisure for those conferences which the occupations of public life generally denied to the Tories, or their reliance on their great leader rendered unnecessary. There were to be met, from the hours of two to four, the elite of the Foxites, mingled occasionally with a few of the leading peers and country gentlemen, who formed the small neutrality of Parliament; there stood Fox, with his ponderous figure, good-humored smile, and heavy step; Grey, grim from his cradle, perpendicular and repulsive; Sheridan, with a face purpled o'er with claret—the claret—the stamp of his habitual excesses—a stooping form and neglected dress, but with an eye among the blackest, largest, and most beaming that ever was set in the head of man; Tierney, grave, sly, and with a look of inveterate subtlety, that might have established him as the most crafty of men, even before he had uttered one of his cunning syllables; Whitbread, short, strong and broad-shouldered, the complete model of the brewer that he was, even to his pepper-and-salt coat, but with a countenance of singular manliness, and indicative of the John Bullism of his character; Wyndham, with the graceful figure, airy step, and handsome countenance that seemed made for courts—if the oddity, fantasy, and ill-fortune of his career had not left him in a state of oscillation between the Whigs and Tories, and, like other pendulums, left him to swing, while the hands in front were gaining ground at every move; Dundas, who feared no one, and had a lively word for all, sometimes mingling with the circle—for a moment throwing in his easy jest, and easily bearing its return, doubtless amused by the sense that he was the possessor of power, while they were but nibblers at the book. There, too, was Jenkinson, with a profound brow that seemed surcharged with the secrets of an empire; silent, if not sullen, and returning their salutations as cautiously as if a bow were a betrayal. There too, on his two huge legs, was the Duke of Norfolk, in his gray coat and black cape. The great minister who alone kept all the Whigs at bay, was the object of universal assault; the powerful lance of Fox, the sullen tho' feebler missiles of the greys, Courtneys, Wyndhams, and all the second rank of opposition; the sparkling shafts of Sheridan, as pungent as they were polished; and the light arrows of pleasantry launched from the hundred hands of the more nameless party—all fell on him and fell in vain. He wore that armor which nothing could penetrate; and, when he retaliated, his sword was of a temper 'that neither keen nor solid might resist its edge."—*Edin. Mag.*